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OVER THERE

The world is waiting and the world is deeply interested, because the fate of the world now and for centuries to come is hanging in the balance, to be determined by the great peace conference. The great problems that must be solved are terrifying in their magnitude. The decent and civilized nations are engaged in doing the thinking and acting for the rest of the world. Germany is in revolution and disorder. The people, so long repressed and suffocated, are in ferment. We read of what the government forces are doing and going to do. But who or what is the government now in Germany? Scholarly and theoretical socialism has degenerated into mad Bolshevism, the purpose of which is to kill and destroy. All are enemies, and the only use to which an enemy can be put is to make a corpse of him. It is the reaction which, according to the law of physics, always comes. England had it in her many revolutions. France had it in her bloody revolution. The people of any country can be saddled and bridled and ridden under whip and spur for a season—for centuries—but ultimately they will throw their riders and stamp them in the mire. Russia is a witch's caldron. Robbery, pillage and death are the aims and objects of the maddened masses. Around Riga, we are told with charming naivete, there is tranquility because all the land owners are robbed and despoiled or killed. This is the philosophy of all peoples who rise in rebellion against their persecutors. It is a drastic remedy and a summary treatment, but a maddened people seem to know no other.

Armenia has suffered long under the bloody rule of the Turks, and it will require strong and heroic measures to restore order and respect for law in that unhappy country. How to begin, and after beginning, how to proceed, are puzzling questions.

Many peoples now clamoring for recognition and relief are ethnologically incapable of self-government. They yield only to firmness and force, and that force must manifest itself in brutality at times in order to inspire fear, which is the most powerful of emotions.

Yet the Turks and the Arabs or Syrians are human beings, children of God, like the most advanced peoples, and they are entitled to consideration and that measure of economic and political determination that is best for them, and of which they are capable of making the best use. The world wants peace, and the civilized and decent nations do not want to be longer harassed and annoyed by insurrectionary and chaos-breeding forces, no matter in what country they may be found. How can the surface of the globe be carved up and divided between contending and intransigent elements with any hope of bringing about order and permanent tranquility is a problem confronting the peace conference. Towering like a Chimborazo among the statesmen of Europe stands America's chief representative, anxious and willing to do what is best. But will the people in whose interest he is laboring understand and appreciate his wisdom and altruism? It is unfortunately doubtful. They want the best of it. After centuries of suffering and bloodshed they want revenge and reprisal. At heart they are all Bolsheviks. A league of nations may take the world in hand and do something with it. To do so will require a league of armies and navies. The amount of work to be done is enough to discourage and bring despair to the stoutest heart. But it must be done; there is no evading or getting away from it, and if the leading nations will put aside selfishness and join together in a united effort to rescue the world from chaos and disorder, and establish law and justice, it can be done. God grant that all nations shall feel the spirit which animates America and labor to settle all differences. Nothing is going to be permanently settled. No part of the work will be entirely completed. Only a beginning can be made, and this can be carried on to fruition if all the assembled nations will only give their assistance, power and influence to the work in hand. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," wrote John the Divine. A new beginning is to be made. Instead of destroying the world by a flood it must be saved by faith and works, and the Logos will again, as in the beginning, be God.

MEXICO

Villa is again in eruption, and his forces are threatening important cities and industries in Northern Mexico. This should end. If Carranza is not capable of doing it, someone else should undertake the task. France and England have many millions of dollars invested in Mexico, and these countries protect their people in every quarter of the globe. Our Monroe doctrine prevents them from interfering, and it is up to us to do the necessary police duty.

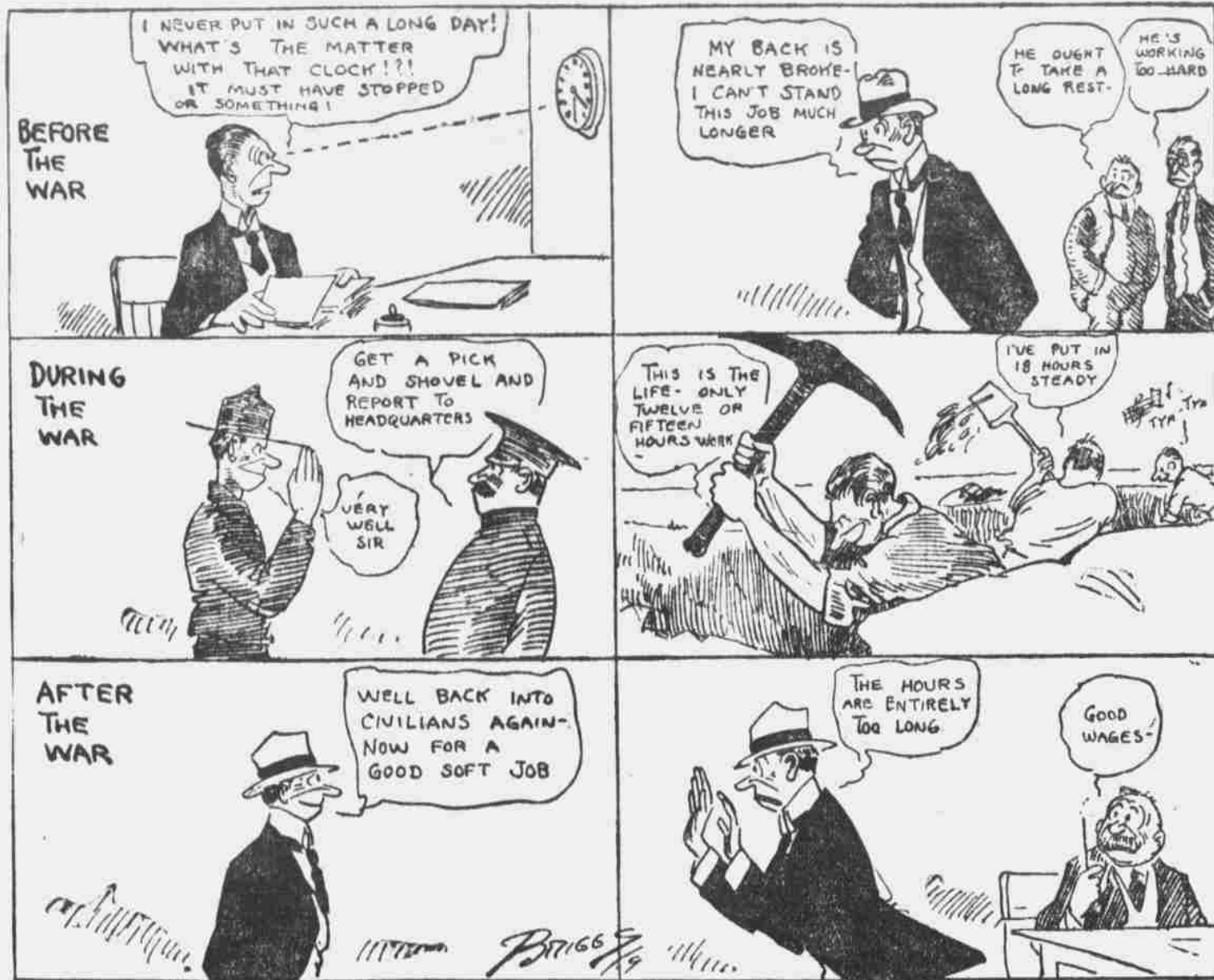
We have temporized with Carranza too long. He is a Mexican, and therefore not to be trusted. He hates the United States, and therefore not to be loved. It is little less than scandalous that we should permit at our own doors such a reign of terror as exists in Mexico. We claim to be cock of the walk and the whole thing on this continent, and we should make good or confess ourselves unequal to the task. Had it not been for the war Pershing would have settled things in Mexico by this time. We have many Pershings in the service of the United States, and many more who will serve if necessary. Bandits like Villa and Zapata should be run to cover and suppressed. They are a menace to this country, and a scandal to our civilization. They succeed because they are permitted to succeed. But there are sons and grandsons of the men who followed Taylor to Cerro Gordo and those who stormed Chapultepec, who can make the Mexicans pay some regard to dependencies of international obligations as well as to domestic tranquility. Mexico has been a festering sore on this country for so long that patience is exhausted, and something drastic and effectual must be done, or we will stand disgraced in the eyes of the world. Our Monroe doctrine is going to stand, but we cannot afford to have it made ridiculous by a lot of mongrel bandits who thrive on theft and plunder, and live by robbery and spoliation.

The Sinn Feiners wasted no time on writing a constitution. They merely adopted an old political platform and let it go at that. It may be as good as any instrument to bring about the "hanging" by jury barrin' such as was shot" of the patriots.

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell, and Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell," wrote Thomas Campbell. When Paderewski falls Freedom will throw in a discord.

Oh, Man!—By Briggs

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DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

GOOD COMPANY.

A correspondent writes:

"You often hear it said that such a one is 'good company.' What is meant by that expression? Does it imply that one is intelligent?"

Not necessarily. Some of the dearest company and the greatest blessing in the world are those high-browed individuals who are to be found with learning, and who go monologuing through life about the dry-as-dust subject of which they happen to have made a study. Nobody can imagine passing a joyous evening listening to an abstruse discourse on higher mathematics. Nor do we yearn for undiluted doses of the society of those who converse with an understanding of a woman's club.

My definition of good company is an individual who is an intelligent listener. An intelligent listener is a person who has observation, thought, imagination and who possesses the power to translate these into word pictures for us. He or she keeps us perpetually interested by presenting to us a never-ending supply of new impressions, ideas and suggestions that open up fresh vistas of thoughts to us.

And an intelligent listener is one who, in the slang of the day, "gets us." One who has the intelligence, the comprehension, the background of a common experience and common reading to enable them to understand what we are saying, and the imagination to follow us into unknown fields. They are those who are an inspiration to talk to, because they always know.

Given an individual who knows how to talk and how to listen, and you have one who is good company, and he or she must be equally efficient at either end of the game, for social intercourse, to be agreeable, must be a mixed performance. The most entertaining person on earth soon wears us out if he or she monopolizes the conversation, while the greatest speaker, unless he or she is in the presence of an audience as unresponsive as a stone wall, is a failure.

I should say that the first qualification of a person who is good company is sympathy. The people whom we enjoy being with are those who can enter into our moods, who can rejoice with us when we weep and rejoice with us when we are happy. They must have the humanity that enables them to take an interest in our personal affairs.

We like to be with those who are willing to discuss our dreams and our desires, who take a real heart interest in our new automobile and who are thrilled over our daughters' beaux, and our sons' records at college, and who evince a real concern in our successes and disappointments.

The society of the sympathetic man or woman is always sought because the one subject of perpetual interest to each and every one of us is the eternal I, and as long as anyone will listen with an appearance of interest to the story of our lives, we ramble on and on, tasting the sweetest joy that existence has to give us.

The second quality those who are good company must possess is cheerfulness. We turn as instinctively to

the jolly man or woman, to the one who has always a funny story to tell and whose laughter is hung on a hair trigger, as a flower does to the sun. Nobody's idea of good company is the sour, solemn-visaged individual, whose mouth is drawn down into a cynical line and whose bitter smile is a blight on any good time.

None of us willingly seeks the society of those who have always some hard luck story to tell and who weep upon our breasts and recite to us the bill of their woes. We are terribly sorry for those who have lost their money and those who have been robbed by the death of a loved one, and for the women who have married drunkards, and the men who have married spenders or flirts, but we are not pining to hear all of the heart-rending details of their misfortunes.

We have troubles enough of our own without being burdened with those of our friends and acquaintances, and so when we seek companionship we pick out those who are optimistic, who lift us up on the wings of their hope and cheer, and who make us feel that God is in his heaven and all is right with the world. We do not long for the society of the pessimists who fill us up with their own gloomy forebodings, who send us away with dark brown tints in our mouths, and the conviction that everything is perfectly rotten and the world is going to the dogs.

Finally, one who is good company is not argumentative. Personally I avoid an "argifier" as I would a rattlesnake. I can imagine no more unpleasant individual than the man or woman who, with you have to debate every subject in life, one who never agrees with you on any point, and who holds a different opinion from yours on every subject from politics to pie.

The people whom I regard as good company are those who like the same pictures, the same authors, the same plays, the same kind of smokes, the same amount of red velvet in their food and the same amount of pep in life that I do, and with whom I can discuss these topics in endless tranquility of soul and high enthusiasm.

To be sympathetic and cheerful, interesting and interested, that's what being good company means. Lucky those who find it.

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MUST 'A BEEN HERE.

Frank Farrington, president of the Illinois mine workers, said in a Joliet interview.

"When conditions are bad it is impossible to keep the fact secret. It's like the testimony of the miner, 'A miner, supposed of a crime, attempted to prove an alibi.'

"You say, the prosecutor thundered at him, 'that on the day the crime was committed you were at the railway station. What in heaven's name were you doing at the railway station from 10 o'clock in the morning till 8:30 at night?'

"He was waiting," the witness answered, "for the arrival of the noon express."

On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

Hokum Center, O.—James W. Terwilliger, the well-known banker of this place, says that, although it has been rumored that the position has been offered him, he will positively not succeed W. G. McAdoo as secretary of the treasury.

Parsnip Bend, Ind.—Lucius W. Pillsbury, of this place, will not accept the position of director-general of the railroads resigned by W. G. McAdoo. Asked if the place had been offered him, he refused to be interviewed.

Tadpole, Ky.—Hesekiah Hoopgarner, the well-known financier, announces that he will not be secretary of the treasury. He has too many other irons in the fire.

Bird Center, Ill.—Ignatius W. Winterhalter, Jeremiah W. Proudfoot and Remus F. Freylinghausen, all of this place, have been mentioned as successors to W. G. McAdoo as secretary of the treasury. All are silent on the question as to who mentioned them.

Mrs. Wilson's suite is in dark mahogany. The trimmings are punk.—New York Morning Newspaper.

The Missouri Pacific recently issued a new time card. "Well, let it come," said one of the editors. "It can't give us any worse train service than we have now."

HOSPITALITY.

Mr. Kirkpatrick and wife were visiting the lady's mother, Mrs. Voorhees, Sunday. Mrs. Voorhees drove them home.—Baldwinville (Ill.) Star.

A report says that all passenger steamers crossing the Atlantic are lit up now. Nothing is said of the passengers.

WORD FROM THE FRONT.

Absolute evidence I have none. But my captain's mother-in-law's sister's son heard a policeman on his beat tell a young housemaid, down the street, that he had a brother that had a friend who knew for a fact when our stay would end.

—Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

Just to keep the record straight, we take pleasure in announcing that Goldberg's hair apparent has a tooth, but still has no hair apparent.

The country will not be put under Marshall law, it seems.—Don Marquis.

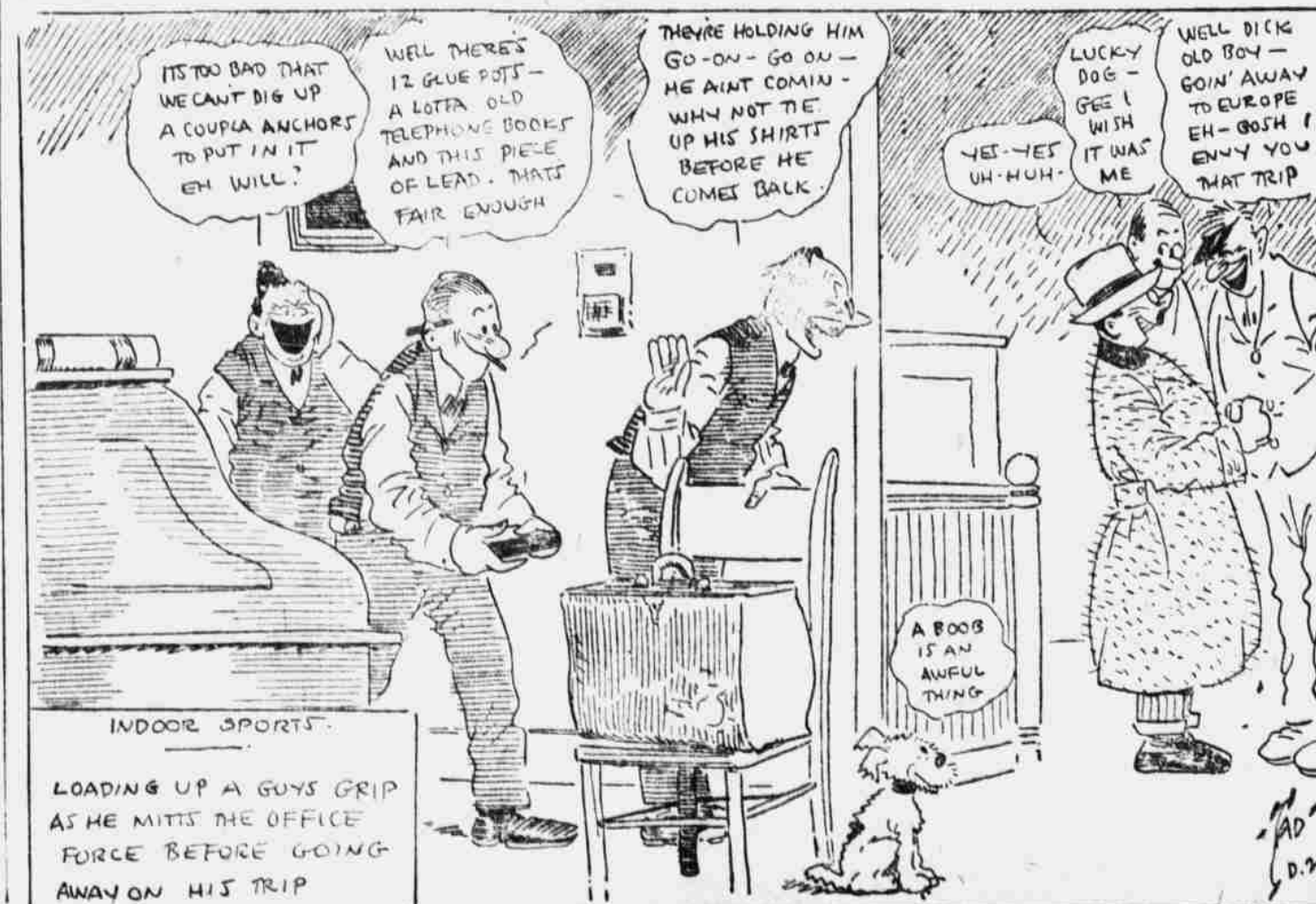
GOV. DIX REVERSED.

If any man dares haul up the Bolshevik flag, shoot him on the spot.

There is enough red in our flag now.

Billy Grady says the ultimate in atmospheres was discovered by him last evening when he rode in from Flatbush between a lady who was all hollered for the opera and an inebriated gentleman who had a package of smoked herring under his arm.

When a good many things seem to be going to the bow-wow as fast as they can, it is pleasant to note that Enrico continues on the even tenor of his way.



TOWNE GOSSIP

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.) BY K.C.B.

JUST A few months ago.

IN A city court.

A MAN was arraigned.

FOR STARVING a child.

AND THE child was there.

WITH ITS thin little face.

AND LAWYERS declaimed.

AND WITNESSES swore.

TO THE things they knew.

AND THE very good judge.

SAT UP on the bench.

AND SCORED the man.

AND SENT him away.

TO A prison cell.

AND WHEN it was done.

WE ALL sat back.

AND WERE satisfied.

THAT OUR laws were good.

AND A day ago.

I THOUGHT of that man.

AND THE little girl.

WHEN I heard a mother.

MAKE TEARFUL plea.

FOR A bottle of milk.

FOR HER four little kids.

AND SHE offered to pay.

NO MATTER what price.

BUT IT wasn't there.

AND COULDN'T be had.

AND THE papers say.

THAT HERS was but one.

OF THOUSANDS of homes.

WHERE THOUSANDS of babes.

MUST GO without milk.

AND THEY tell me too.

THAT THE reason is.

HERE'S SOME sort of a quarrel.

BETWEEN SOME men.

AND IT'S all about dollars.

AND SO long as they quarrel.

THESE LITTLE babes.

IN THE thousands of homes.

MUST GO without milk.

THAT THEY sorely need.

Twice Told Tales

10 Years Ago Today in Memphis.

JANUARY 13, 1909.

Indorsement of a bill to give Memphis an industrial high school will be given at a special meeting of the Builders' exchange Tuesday night.

New city limit extensions, which shall include the suburbs of Binghamton, Lenox, Orange Mound and the resident portion of New South Memphis and take in but one manufacturing plant on the north, were recommended by the City club, of Memphis, at Saturday's meeting.

Memphis prosperity is reflected in the recent report of Dan C. Newton, building inspector, who shows for the month of December, 1908, an increase in valuation of \$28,650 over the same month in 1907.

An era of great prosperity is ahead of Memphis and adjacent territory, according to information gathered by William Young, local manager of R. G. Dun & Co., and his prediction will appear in Dun's annual trade review, to be issued from New York.

Rapid increase in the population of Memphis has made necessary an addition to the custom house for the expeditious handling of mail, unless the new Union station is completed in time to relieve the situation.

PRICES:

Evenings, 75c, 50c, 25c, Plus War Tax.

Matinees, 50c, 25c, Plus War Tax.

NEXT WEEK

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"THE BRAT"

LOEW'S LYCEUM

Continuous 1 to 11 P.M.

A Show of Many Features,

Headed by

"MARCELLE"

A Musical Oddity With Mirth, Melody and Maidens

Geo. A. Mack

With His Songs and Chatter is a "Riot."

Lee & Bennett

Funmakers Par Excellence.

Geo. & May LeFevre

Artistic Dance Ideas.

A Super-Picture of the Drury Lane Success.

"Sporting Life"

Matinees, 10c-15c; Nights, 10c-20c-30c

Including War Tax

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WEEK BEGINNING JAN. 13

LILLIAN RUSSELL

AMERICA'S LOVELIEST WOMAN

Singing Her Own Favorite Songs.

Extra Feature Added Attraction L. Wolfe Anatole

POLLY MORAN GILBERT & FRIEDLAND

The Famous Charlie Chaplin Famous Sheriff Neil of Mack Bennett Comedies

Other Feature Acts

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